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Bloomfield's Local Paper.

1875.

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The Bloomfield Record

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sides local features, it is hoped to make the Cor-
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The Bloomfield Record.

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J. FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1875.

Whole No. 120.

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MRS. MONTGOMERY'S HEIR.

"So you have refused my nephew!"
Mrs. Ambrose Montgomery looked se-
verely at the young girl who was calmly
tying her bonnet strings before her mir-
ror. She was a severe old lady, very
wealthy, about whom flattered por-
trayals innumerable. Edna Sergeant
might have counted as one of these, be-
ing certainly very poor, though people
were apt to say of her, "proud as Lucifer
himself."

"Yes, Aunt Lucille, I refused to marry
Walter Templeton. Since he seems to
have told you, I suppose there is no im-
propriety in my doing the same."
"May I ask your reasons?"
"Certainly! I want my husband, if I
ever have one, to be a man, filling a
man's place in the world, doing a man's
duties. I will never be the wife of a lazy
dandy who dawdles through life, waiting
for a possible fortune."

"Your cousin is very useful to me."
"Doubtless. But I do not need any
one yet to put my footstool for me, fetch
me a shawl, feed my poodle, and run my
errands."
"Oh!"

"I want my husband to work for meat
a man's place of brains and hands."
"Upon my word! You had better mar-
ry a mechanic. But, pray take them
away from here, if you do. I want no
low fellow claiming kinship with me. I
should think when these plebeian ideas
come into your mind, Miss Sergeant, it
would be well for you to remember the
fact that you can trace your descent di-
rectly from the Pilgrim Fathers!"

"I am not likely to forget that fact,
Aunt Lucille, hearing it every day. By
the way, auntie, do you suppose if our
noble ancestors, the Pilgrim Fathers I
mean, were to present themselves in your
drawing-rooms that you would recognize
them? I imagine them, in their common
clothes, holding by shabby vests with
babies in their arms, homeless, exiled,
coming suddenly upon you. I can hear
you now telling John to put those 'horrid
low people' out of the house."

"You are pleased to be sarcastic," was
the cool reply. "I can value my ances-
tors for they are incapable of doing so. I
hope your ideal husband may appear. In
the meantime I think you are but one re-
move from an idiot to refuse Walter, a
perfect gentleman, and my probable heir."

"Perhaps I will come to-morrow and
finish your dress."
And so saying Edna wrapped her shawl
about her and departed. For this girl,
sharing with her mother an exceedingly
slender income, the legacy of her long
dead father, utilized a ready needle and
exquisite taste by sewing for her relatives.
Her mother would have fainted in hor-
ror had any one suggested to her that
her daughter was a dressmaker. But
dear Edna, she admitted, helped her
more prosperous relatives with her sewing,
omitting to add that said relatives
put a sufficiently small pecuniary ac-
knowledge into Edna's purse.

The girl herself, a superbly handsome
brunette, rebelled mentally every hour of
her life against all this pretence. Proud
to her heart's core, she had no mean
shrinking from facing the truth that she
was poor and obliged to work for money;
but the prejudices of her rich aunt, the
affections of her helpless, fine-lady moth-
er must be respected, and so she worked
for half pay and secrecy when she might
have won an honest living as an acknow-
ledged dressmaker.

When Walter Templeton asked her to
be his wife some of this long pent-up ir-
ritation at the false life forced upon her
found vent in her refusal of his suit. She
half regretted the sarcasms she had pour-
ed out upon his position when she saw
his dejected face and the expression of
hurt amazement there.

"After all," she thought, when he left
her, "the poor fellow is not so much to
blame. He has been under Aunt Lucille's
thumb ever since he was a mere boy,
brought up upon small doses of common
sense and vast ones of Pilgrim Fathers,
blue blood, and the degradation of hon-
est labor. But I won't marry him! I get
enough of the family failing without go-
ing to live with Aunt Lucille, one more
hanger-on. I earn all she gives me, that's
one comfort. Any dressmaker would
charge twice as much as she will pay me
to make that black velvet."

Yet when she came day after day, work-
ing busily at the fall sewing of her rich
aunt, she missed the courteous atten-
tions of her cousin. Truly Aunt Lucille
had spoken when she said Walter Tem-
pleton was a perfect gentleman. His
manner was the perfection of good breed-
ing, with deferential courtesy for all wo-
mankind, and a most fascinating defer-
ence for the one woman he loved. Stung
by the bitter emphasis of Edna's refusal,
the contemptuous sarcasm of her reasons,
he withdrew from her presence, seldom
coming to the room, where he had read
to his aunt while she sewed.

Truly Edna had defined his position
in that mental retrospect she had taken.
He had been his aunt's plaything in his
boyhood, a handsome lad full of talent
and promise. When he attained ripe
years he was sent to school, to college,
and, graduating there, was put into the

position of a dutiful nephew to an aunt
who openly proclaimed him her heir.
Courtied in society, his favorite, his
own idea of his course of life was that
it was far superior to that of common
men. Thoroughly imbued with his aunt's
pride he rather scorned the idea of labor
of any kind until he loved Edna.

By the light of that love he felt un-
easily that she scorned the money he took
freely, unless she earned it first. More
than once he had known her proud re-
fusal of any gift for which her nimble
fingers had not given a full equivalent.
He loved her first for her beauty, then for
the nobler attributes of mind and heart
she certainly possessed, though she
screened them well with her sarcastic
pride.

Gradually, indeed unconsciously, she
had sheathed the weapons she kept at
command, her pungent wit, her keen sat-
ire, when her Cousin Walter was by. She
loved herself to be interested when he read,
and spoke freely when they discussed lit-
erature or art.

Mrs. Montgomery looked well pleased.
It was one of her pet schemes to leave
her wealth divided between Walter and
Edna, as man and wife, and she encour-
aged intimacy with all her heart, hiding
her satisfaction under her usual court ma-
neur.

Partly from her hints, partly, it must
be confessed, from his own sense of obli-
gation, Walter had a settled conviction
that he was conferring an honor when he
offered his hand to Edna, a hand that
would lift her to his side in the affluence
of his aunt's favor.

So the first spur that drove him from
her presence was certainly mortified van-
ity. More reasonable motives came later.
The fall sewing was completed, when,
with that unreasonable perversity that
falls often to the lot of the most favored
mortals, Mrs. Montgomery was obliged to
have it all renewed in mourning for her
only sister, Edna's mother.

It was "dreadfully provoking" of
course, the more so as Edna, really lov-
ing the needle and thread, had been her
care for years, could not attend to the
sewing. She sorrowed sincerely for many
weeks, and then, to Mrs. Montgomery's
infinite disgust, accepted a position as
companion to an invalid lady and went
abroad.

"I suppose," her aunt said, when it was
too late, "if I had offered you a salary
with a home you would have come
when I asked you."

And Edna frankly admitted that she
would.

So over the ocean she carried her sor-
rows and her pride, the one faintly stifled
for the time under the weight of the oth-
ers. For she missed her mother, she
found her new duties uncongenial and
confining, and she grieved for Walter's
love.

She did not regret her decision, know-
ing the uncertainty of riches. She saw
no future of usefulness before him if, at
the end, his aunt disappointed his ex-
pectations. She knew him for a man
who could turn his brain or hands to no
purpose in life, and for this despised him
as a mere dandified puppet of her
aunt's.

Yet in the heart-hunger of her new life
she thought often of the glorious cap-
abilities of her young cousin. She knew
he had a mind clear and strong—full of
power to grasp any intellectual pur-
suit. She knew him patient, kind of heart,
strong of purpose when once aroused,
and it fretted all the graver attributes
of her nature to think of the waste of
such a manhood.

For what was he? A walking tailor's
advertisement, a charming partner in a
dance, a courteous gentleman, a willing
servant to his aunt. No more!

Yet when Edna wandered with her
new mistress over the Old World, enjoy-
ing with keen zest the intellectual, artistic
and musical treats spread before her,
she turned mentally to Walter for con-
genial pleasure. When the rapid praise or
weak criticism of the fashionable invalid
was poured into her ears, she wondered
how Walter's clear brain would have
viewed the same object. Her home
memories were not very pleasant once to
her soul, full of sordid cares, of mean
shifts, of shallow pretence, and she rest-
ed upon those of her Cousin Walter, float-
ing upon them to rosy dreamlands, float-
ing to him again by the fact of her re-
jection of his hand and her reasons for
that step.

Viewed through the medium of this
rose-haze of memory she softened to her
discarded love, thinking of the chivalry
of his wooing, the usefulness of all wo-
mankind, and a most fascinating defer-
ence for the one woman he loved. Stung
by the bitter emphasis of Edna's refusal,
the contemptuous sarcasm of her reasons,
he withdrew from her presence, seldom
coming to the room, where he had read
to his aunt while she sewed.

Truly Edna had defined his position
in that mental retrospect she had taken.
He had been his aunt's plaything in his
boyhood, a handsome lad full of talent
and promise. When he attained ripe
years he was sent to school, to college,
and, graduating there, was put into the

He loved her, and she had shut her
heart to his love. She did not regret
that home of luxury he could have com-
manded for her, the probable fortune
she would have shared with him, but in
her bitter loneliness she hungered for the
sound of his tender voice, the love of his
pleasing eyes.

For four years she wandered hither and
thither across the Old World at the ca-
price of her employer. Then a lawyer's
letter informed her of her Aunt Lucille's
death, and her own inheritance of thirty
thousand dollars and a superbly bound
copy of the "Lives of the Pilgrim Fathers."
Mrs. Montgomery's one literary ef-
fort, being a collection of all her own cut-
tings upon the subject.

She was glad to go home again, glad to
end her ungenial uplunge. At the
steamer's arrival her Cousin Walter met
her. There was a new beauty upon his
handsome face—the beauty of purpose,
of a noble content. He had a lack in
waiting, and drove first to a hotel for
breakfast. In the private parlor where
it was served he told her:

"Edna, I want to thank you."
"Thank me?" she said, wondering.
"For awakening me from a slothful
dream to an object in life. Do you know
how I have spent the last four years?"
"With Aunt Montgomery, have you not?"

"Certainly. I would not desert her in
old age, when I was certainly a comfort
to her. But I studied medicine, won a
diploma, and have now a practice. It is
large, Edna, but not very lucrative, being
amongst the very poor for the most part.
But I have found what you told me I
lacked, cousin—a purpose in life, a field
for labor where I hope I am not altogether
useless."

"I congratulate you with all my heart,"
she said, impulsively, holding out both
hands.
"I want more than that, Edna. Your
words opened my eyes to my own waste
of life; but, though I find my time busi-
ly filled, my heart wants something more.
Edna, all the old love there cries out
for you. Can you love me a little now?"

"Not a little," she said in a low voice,
her cheeks flushing rosy, "but with my
whole heart, Walter."
"Then will you grant me my hope, and
be married here and now, coming to my
old home as my wife, to help me in the
life-work to which your words guided
me?"

And Edna, loving him, granted his
wish, and in his old home proves, as he
hoped, a true wife and helpmate in his
noble works of charity and usefulness.

Paragraphs.

—Bargains.—The profits of retail liq-
uor dealers.

—Matrimonial arithmetic.—Twice one
are one.

—Why is the sun like a good loaf. Be-
cause it's light when it rises.

—A man in Tiffin, Ohio, wears the
Masonic apron worn by George Washing-
ton.

—The latest definition of capital is, that
it is the harvest of past labor. It is a good
one too.

—A female bill poster is doing an ex-
tensive business in New York. The sex
was always good at running up bills.

—One point of difference between a
timid child and a shipwrecked sailor is,
that one clings to its ma and the other to
his spar.

—A Milwaukee beauty, who visited
West Point last fall, displays a string of
forty-three government brass buttons.
She claims that every button represents
a desperately love-sick cadet.

—If George Washington himself had
only been cross examined by Judge Fal-
terton before he died, we have no doubt
it would have turned out that he really
liked about the cherry tree after all.

—An Iowa paper tells of a smart wife
who helped her husband to raise seventy
acres of wheat. The way she heaved him
was to stand in the door and shake a
broom at him, when he sat down to rest.

—A writer on dress says: "Short and
pudgy women ought not to wear belts."
What's the use of giving advice in that
way? There isn't a woman in the world
who would admit, even to herself, that
she was "short and pudgy."

—Napoleon was, one day, searching for
a book in the library at Malmaison, and
at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat
above his reach. Marshal Mouton, who
was present—one of the tallest men in
the army—stepped forward saying: "Per-
mit me, sir; I am higher than your maj-
esty." "You are longer, marshal," said
the emperor, with a frown.

Too Bad If True.

A man in Allentown possesses a copy
of the One Hundred Year Almanac, pub-
lished in 1800, which selects some four-
teen from the whole number occurring
between 1800 and 1900 as years to be
marked by unusually stormy weather.

The gentleman has observed with curious
interest the fulfillment of the predictions,
which he says has been singularly com-
plete, the storm always falling not more
than a day from the date indicated. The
calculation sets down a period of severe
cold in the latter part of May, 1875, this
being one of the fourteen years, when it
is predicted we shall have frost in this
latitude and grapevines will freeze and be
destroyed unless protected. It is hoped
the prediction may not be verified.

Popping Corn.

And there they sat a popping corn.
John Stiles and Susan Carter;
John Stiles as fat as an ox,
And Susan, as fat as a butter.

And there they sat, and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs up higher.

Then Susan, she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces grew as red
As sauce-pans made of copper.

And then they shelled and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a popping,
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And stilled they popped, and still they ate,
John's mouth was like a hopper,
And stirred the fire and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The corn struck him and then struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven—then struck twelve,
And still no sign of stopping.

And John he ate, and Susan thought—
The corn did pop and patter;
Till John cried: "The corn's a-fire!"
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she: "John Stiles, it's one o'clock
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you stop the question?"

Diking in Holland.

In Dutch drainage-work the dike is a
very important element. These vary, of
course, according to the circumstances
under which they are required. On the
North sea coast, where they are built to
withstand tides rising ten feet beyond
their average, and, lashed by storms,
they constitute a work of stupendous
magnitude and cost. In the case of a
holder of a few acres, they may be the
work of a single man. Occasionally in
their construction serious engineering
difficulties are presented; especially is
this the case where the dike is to be con-
structed in the water. Here the two
sides of the foundation, which must
reach from the solid earth to the surface
of the water, are made by sinking great
rafts of fascines made of willow osiers,
often from one hundred to one hundred
and fifty yards square, strongly secured
together, and making a compact mass.
These are floated over the place they are
to occupy, where they are guided by
poles sunk in the bottom, and are loaded
with stones or with earth until they sink.
Upon this first, a second and smaller
one, and often a third, and even a fourth,
always decreasing in size, are placed in
turn. The space between the two walls
is filled with solid earth, and on the top
of this secure foundation the dike is
built. If the dike is to remain exposed
to moving water, it must be further pro-
tected by jetties, or by mason-work, or
by batties placed upon its slope, or by
rows of piles, basket-work of straw or
rushes, or sometimes by brick walls.—
Scribner for May.

To Young Men.

It is easier to be a good business man
than a poor one. Half the energy dis-
played in doing that which is required
to catch up when behind will save cred-
it, give more time to business and add to